A Vintage Shorts "Short Story Month" Selection Pulitzer Prize and National Book Award finalist Dave Eggers displays his emotional range in this quiet tour-de-force from How We Are Hungry, the often funny and masterful collection of short fiction. After giving up responsibility, in her usual passive way, of much that has been of importance in her life—her adopted children, a condo, finan Buy other books like Up the Mountain Coming Down Slowly. â€œ Swim Back to Me. Ann Packer.â€œ A Hand Reached Down to Guide Me. David Gates. The Secrets of a Fire King. It was midnight. â€œ The Mountain Coming Down Slowlyâ€œ...from How We Are Hungryâ€œ by one of my favorite authors, Dave Eggers. In Tanzania, East Africa, in Moshi, at the base of Kilimanjaroâ€œRita arrived the night before. Her flight had arrived late, and customs were slow. There was a young American couple trying to clear a large box of soccer balls. For an orphanage, they said. Rita came because her younger sister, Gwen, had wanted to come, and they had bought tickets together thinking it would be a perfect trip to take before Gwen began making a family with her husband, Brad. But then Gwen had gone ahead and gotten pregnant anyway, early, six months ahead of schedule and now she couldnâ€™t make the climb. Ever since the mountain route on Watopia came out in March 2016 Iâ€™ve been annoyed by it. The size of the mountain and the times people were getting defeated me mentally before I even tried. Because of this as Iâ€™ve ridden around Watopia this winter I would always choose a flat route. â€œ More miles,â€œ Iâ€™d tell myself. The problem with that is, I was still letting that mountain defeat me. My reasons for cycling have been two-fold: exercise to lose weight and exercise to combat my depression. I would ride up it until I got to the first bridge. â€œ Then turn around and ride back down, adding a few miles quickly on the descent as my reward for going up. The next time I rode up my goal was to ride until I hit 500 feet of elevation gain. With the reward of going back down. Then I did 600 feet, 700 feet, 800 feet. I woke up in the morning about half past nine. The hacks and the buggies standing in line. Gents and gamblers standing around. Taking little saddle to her burying ground. I began to think of what a deed I'd done. I grabbed my hat and away I did run. Made a good run, just a little too slow. They overtook me in Jericho. Standing on the corner a reading a bill. And up stepped the sheriff from Thomasville. He said: miss is your name brown. Remember the night you shot little Sadie down. I said oh yes sir but my name is Lee. And I murdered little Sadie in the first degree. First degree and second degree. Got any pa.